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GOOD MORNING,  
I SEE THE  
ASSASSINS  
HAVE FAILED.

## Lost and Forgotten



62 4 7

### Chapter 1 by Karra

Footsteps echo in a dark alley, as a man throws someone into the street. "Worthless brat! Your stupid parents didn't even care for you enough to pay the little pocket money we was askin' for! We gave the a whole freakin' year to get the funds an they ain't paid squat, now I'm done with you, you stupid waste of space!"

Upon further inspection, the person in the street is a girl no older then 15, once probably perfectly healthy she now was nothing but skin and bones.

### Chapter 2 by Jason Williams



She frantically crawls away from the man, and breaths in her first fresh, or mostly fresh air in nearly a year.

"If I catch you around here, I'll skin you alive you stupid good for nothing wench" screamed the man as he took a step towards her

Fearing another beating, the girl scrambles to her feet. Turns to the man, and holds up a rock she had picked up in the alley. Without a word, the girl hurls the rock with all her might toward

the angry man.

The man fell with a scream holding his head. The girl turned and ran.

Chapter 3 by Karra

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Run, run, run... in and out, breath, blood. Blood soaking my shirt. Crap I reopened the wound, run faster. More distance, my ankle twists. A scream echos in the emptiness, my scream. I can't breath, shock, I'm going into shock.

Two hours, two hours of pain, of breathing, of blood, of running, of hiding, of screams.

Then it's there, a hand. It's warm, and strong. I think I take it, then there are arms, they pick me up, I fight them, no more pain, no more anything. The Hand tells me to rest, and that I'm safe now. No. Not the hand, the voice, the body of the hand: The Boy.

#### Chapter 4 by Mason Lee



I have seen The Boy only once before, when my parent's were being murdered. Both of them, killed, right in front of me for a reason I only learned a few minutes ago, and even then I don't know the whole truth. When the gun was pointed towards me, he hit it, making it spin around and shoot the gunman. I remember asking him why he saved me. His response?

"You're too important to die."

And now, here he was, a black-haired, blue-eyed figure a few years older than me. He was here to save me again.

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